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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS,

REVISED

BY ISAAC REED.

THIRD BOSTON,

FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

VOL. VI.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabricks of other Poets, pasles without Injury by the Adamant of Shakspeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

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VOLUME VI.

OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Containing

KING HENRY VIII.
CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
AND
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

ACT IV. Scene II.

Katharine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone
And leave me here, in wretchedness behind ye?

KING HENRY VIII.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter.* Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. MALONE.

* Chetwood says, that during one season, it was exhibited 75 times. See his *History of the Stage*, p. 68. STEEV.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,[1]
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is,[2] beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

---

[1] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own.
THEOBALD.

[2] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihil ominus habituris simplex convedit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Eighth.*
Cardinal WOLSEY. *Cardinal* CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the emperor, Charles V.*
CRANMER, *archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of NORFOLK. *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK. *Earl of* SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of LINCOLN. *Lord* ABERGAVENNY.
Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILFORD. *Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY. *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *gentleman-usher to queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *physician to the king.*
Garter, king at arms.
Surveyor to the duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the council-chamber. Porter, and his man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

Queen KATHARINE, *wife to king Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her maid of honour, afterwards queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; women attending upon the queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of* NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer[1]
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:[2]
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its:[3] To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[4] all in gold, like heathen gods,

[1] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNS.

[2] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardre*, but Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does. REED.

[3] *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows. JOH.

[4] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNS.

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[5] When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[6]

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.[7] All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element[8]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed[9]

---

[5] *Censure*, for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARB.

[6] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois,) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton : of whom Camden speaks in his *Britannia*. THEO

[7] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNS.

[8] No initiation, no previous practices *Elements* are the first principles of things or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNS.

[9] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. REED.

From his ambitious fingers. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech[2] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[3]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,[4]
Must fetch him in he papers.[5]

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,[6]
But minister communication of

[2] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNS.

[3] That is, *the list*. [4] Council not then sitting. JOHNS.

[5] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in, whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

[6] What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNS.

A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?[7]
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace;[8] and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *(the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

[7] The French ambassador residing in England, who, being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd.* JOHNS.
[8] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNS.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exe.* WOLSEY, *and train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur[9] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworth's a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick :[1] He's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour[2] quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,

[9] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNS.
[1] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNS.
[2] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNS.

(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,)[3] by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,[4]
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master[5]
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let it be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,

[3] Honest indignation, warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be blame not. JOHNS.

[4] *Equal* for *equally*. Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. MAL.

[5] *Suggests*, for excites. WARB.

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish, you were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable ;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON ; *a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me ; I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present :[6] 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king
[*To* ABERG.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : No more, I hope.

[6] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNS.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:[7]
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewel. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *Cardinal* WOLSEY, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVEL, *Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

K.Hen My life itself, and the best heart of it,[8]
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy:[9] and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses, and places her by him.*

Q.Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K.Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

---

[7] To *span* is to gripe, or inclose in the hand; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning therefore, may either be, that hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined. JOHNS.——Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Probably, therefore, it means, when tis *spann'd* 'tis ended. REED.

[8] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNS.

[9] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNS.

Q.Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K.Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q.Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing,[1] have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[2]
K.Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q.Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those who would not know them, and yet must

[1] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:—"The kings before their *many* rode." JOHNS.

[2] Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARB.

Perforce be their acquaintance.[3] These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers;[4] which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,

[3] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. M. MASON.

[4] To *cope*—to engage with, to encounter. The word is still in use in some counties. JOHNS.

Hitting a grosser quality,[5] is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K.Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber;[6]
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q.Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K.Hen. It grieves many:
This gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.[7]
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,[8] the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly

[5] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNS.

[6] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARB.

[7] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNS.——Read: And *ne'er* seek aid out of himself. Yet see,—. RITSON.

[8] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. JOHNS.

Than ever they were fair. This man, so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckinghom.

K.Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.[9]
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q.Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K.Hen. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K.Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K.Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners

[9] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNS.

Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q.Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K.Hen. Let him on :——
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

K.Hen. Ha ! what so rank ?[1] Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man.——Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K.Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

[1] *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch ?* JOHNS.

K.Hen. I remember,
Of such a time :—Being my servant sworn,[2]
The duke retain'd him his.—But on ; what hence ?
Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
K.Hen. A giant traitor !
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?
Q.Kath. God mend all !
K.Hen. There's something more would out of thee ;
What say'st ?
Sur. After,—*the duke his father*,—with *the knife*,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K.Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?[3]
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

[2] Sir Willliam Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*,) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sword servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards' MSS.* STEEV.

[3] *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries* ; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions into such an uncouth appearance that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNS.

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ;[4] but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.[5]

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now ?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell ?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there ; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,

---

[4] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNS.

[5] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. STEE.

There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night, to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York-Palace. Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests. Enter at one door Lords, ANNE BULLEN, *and divers Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[6] that has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.——O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS *and Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN, *and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

[6] Milton has copied this word; "A *bevy* of fair dames." JOHNS.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: That noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within; Chambers discharg'd.*[7]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

---

[7] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows: "—cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet." STEEV.

Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—
[*Exit Cham. attended. All arise, and tables removed*
You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you :—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers ; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King chooses* ANNE BULLEN.
K.Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,——
Cham. Your grace ?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Chamberlain goes to the company and returns.*
Wol. What say they ?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[8]
Wol. Let me see then.— [*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.
K.Hen. You have found him, cardinal : [*Unmasking.*

[8] That is, take the chief place. JOHNS.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally ; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—
1 *Gen.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; Halberds on each side : with him, Sir* THOMAS LOVEL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common People.*

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them,
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,[3]

[3] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. JOHNS.

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.[4]—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;[5]
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,

[4] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, No action expressive of *malice* shall conclude my life. *Envy* by our author, is used for malice and *hatred*, in other places, and, perhaps, in this. STEEV.

[5] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNS.

And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel :
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us !
Where may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith[6] to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident ;
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not ;

[6] *Strong faith,* is great fidelity. JOHNS.

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think you have hit the mark : But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king : which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suff. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages:[7] all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.[8]
Suf. For me, my lords,

[7] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNS.

[8] The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS.

I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
—My lord, you'll bear us company ?
Cham. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me other-where : besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.
K.Hen. Who is there ? ha ?
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K.Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha ?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : Our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K.Hen. You are too bold ;
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;
Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.[9] [*To* WOLSEY.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.

[9] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNS.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K.Hen. We are busy ; go. [*To* NORF. *and* SUF.
Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?
Suf. Not to speak of ;
I would not be so sick though, for his place :[1]
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another.
[*Exeunt* NORF. *and* SUF.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices ;[2] Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.
K.Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves
You are so noble : To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,—
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K.Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K.Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

[1] That is, *so sick* as he is proud. JOHNS.
[2] The construction is, have *sent* their free voices. MAL.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*

K.Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart,*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still;[3] which so griev'd him,
That he run mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K.Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bed-fellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments. Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,

[3] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNS.

She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt![4] it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,[5] do divorce
It from the bearer, it is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !
She's a stranger now again.[6]

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.[7]

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,[8]
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

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[4] To send her away contemptuously : to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNS.

[5] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax :
"——twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long." WARB.

[6] Again an alien ; not only no longer queen, but no longer an English woman. JOHNS.

[7] That is, our best *possession*. In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNS.

[8] *Cheveril*—is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNS.

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made : Pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference ?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope,
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen !
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?[1]—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye, upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would, I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

[1] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light but cannot give it. JOH.——From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of king James. THEO.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars. Trumpets, Sennet,[2] *and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the Bishops of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and Saint* ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;*[3] *after them, side by side, the two Cardinals* WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read
Let silence be commanded.
K.Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.
Scri. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K.Hen. Here.
Scri. Say, Katharine queen of England come into court.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

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[2] A *sennet* appears to have signified a short flourish on Cornets MAL.

[3] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. JOHNS.——So, in *The Treatous* a satire on Cardinal Wolsey, no date, but published between the execution of the duke of Buckingham and the repudiation of Katharine:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
Before him rydeth two prestes strong;
And they bare two crosses right longe,
Gapyng in every man's face:
After them followe two laye men seculur,
And each of them holdyng a *pillar*,
In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEV.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishopric, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. TOLLET.

Q.Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before : It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
I will implore : If not ; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire[3] the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Q.Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?
Q.Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q.Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,[4]
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,

[3] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court ; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i.e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar. In the fourth folio, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. MAL.

[4] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says—I *challenge* him. JOHNS.

Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q.Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling,[5] in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,[6]
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the king, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K.Hen. Call her again.

Cri. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q.Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way;

[5] To *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNS.

[6] The queen would insinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest offices subservient to his will. STEEV.

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience !—pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry : no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exe. Queen*, GRIFFITH, *and her other Attendants.*

K.Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)[7]
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,)[8] whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to question on't ? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ?

K.Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd ; oft
The passages made toward it :—on my honour,

[7] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNS.
[8] The sense, which is incumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNS.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,[9]
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed to't :—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,[1] on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop,) did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience,[2] I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which

[9] The *king*, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir in that business. THEO.

[1] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNS.

[2] The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. STEEV.

I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K.Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K.Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on :
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day ;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K.Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me : abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.*

Q. Katharine.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q.Kath. How now?

Gen. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q.Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q.Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gen.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:[3]
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q.Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

[3] *Affairs* means not their present errand, but the business of their calling. JOHNS.

Q.Kath. Speak it here ;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,[5]
I know my life so even : If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,[6]
Out with it boldly ; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Q.Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

[5] I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNS.

[6] That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife ; or if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. JOHNS.

His service and his counsel.

Q.Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q.Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)[3]
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,[4]
They that my trust grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q.Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q.Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

---

[3] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNS.

[4] To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome* for *come over*. STEEV.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye,[5] holy men I thought you,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?[6]
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she hath done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

[5] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNS.

[6] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNS.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. 'Pray, hear me.
Q.Kath. 'Would, I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angel's faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q.Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;[7]
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,

[7] That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly. M. MASON.

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy,[8] the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?[9] when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?[1]
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.

[8] *Force* is *enforce, urge.* JOHNS.
[9] Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected? JOHNS.
[1] *When did he,* however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* JOHNS.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings[2]
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light ?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how ?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive,*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the king this ?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work ?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.[3] But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had !
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction ![4]
Suf. My amen to't !
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The lord forbid !
Nor. Marry, Amen !
Suf. No, no ;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,

[2] Private practices opposite to his public proceedure. JOHNS.
[3] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge : not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNS.
[4] To *trace*, is to *follow*. JOHNS.

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder !
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions ; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the king ?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :—
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule;[5] *and* LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated.
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,[6]
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;

[5] That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. STEEV.

[6] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance: —"citus modo, modo tardus incessius. STEE.

There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K.Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVEL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K.Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K.Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K.Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well;
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

K.Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities:[7] Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K.Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,[8]
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

[7] My endeavours though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNS.

[8] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient jubject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNS.

And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken your's.

K.Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him Papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* WOLSEY: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently

Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[1]

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[2] when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember.
Some of these articles; and out they shall.

[1] The hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. STEEV.

[2] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French *sacrer*. THEO.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stampt on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,[2]—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

[2] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEV.

Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Enter CROMWELL *amazedly.*
Why, how now, Cromwell ?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace ?
Wol. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Cro. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him !
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em ![3]
What more ?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not : make use now,[4] and provide

[3] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harsh. JOHNS. [4] i. e. make interest. STEEV.

For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :[4]
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

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[4] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends.* I am of opinion the poet wrote :

——cherish those hearts that *wait* thee :

that is, thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction : *Corruption wins not more than honesty.* That is, You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARB.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEV.

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.[5]

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gent.* YOU are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offered sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list

---

[5] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.
Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip II. of Spain made the same pathetic complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doubte point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompense de son paradis." MAL.
This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. MASON.

Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady !— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets ; then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis* DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-Ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of* NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset :
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee ! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that. [*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more ; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony ?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it ?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war,[1] would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

2 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:

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[1] That is, like battering rams. JOHNS.

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[2]

Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden:—Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,[3]
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,

[2] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNS.

[3] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply.* STEE.

Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !
So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[4] ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I'the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,[5] and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,

[4] That is, of unbou: d.d *pride*, or *h[illegible]ghtiness*. STEEV.
[5] A criminal connection with w[illegible] was anciently called *the vice of the body*. MAL.

He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her ;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies ; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exe.* GRIFF. *and Mes.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Capt. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Capt. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Capt. By heaven, I will;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.——. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace. Enter* GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[7] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero[8]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business:[9] Affairs, that walk

[7] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNS.
[8] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera, Primavista.* La *Primiere*, G. Prime, f. *Prime veue. Primum*, et primum *visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. GREY.
[9] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNS.

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,——
Hear me, sir Thomas:——You are a gentleman
Of mine own way;[1] I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,[2]
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is,
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king;[3] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,

[1] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNS.
[2] *Trade*, is the practised method, the general course. JOHNS.
[3] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNS.

To morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[4] He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long; good night, sir Thomas.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER, *and Page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

As LOVEL *is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her! what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

[4] *Convented* is summoned, convened. STEEV.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K.Hen. Avoid the gallery. [LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.
What !— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful :—Wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All's not well.
K.Hen. How now, my lord ? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you : Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : You a brother of us,[5]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.
K.Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend :-Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd

[5] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNS.

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance,[6] further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on[7] is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,[8]
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

K. Hen. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them ; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !

[illegible]*durance*, that is confinement. JOHNS.

[illegible]h *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing [illegible] help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say : [illegible] The *ground* I stand on——. JOHNS.

[illegible] *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was [illegible]on to all our ancient writers. STEEV.

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.— [*Exit* CRANMER.
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K.Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K.Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-chamber. Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.[9]

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain,* GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The*

[9] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient mansions as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakspeare's scene, in the present instance, would be obscure. STEEV.

Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D.Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D.Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D.Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels:[1] out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,[2] can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

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[1] [illegible] are perfect while they remain in their mortal capacity. STEEV.
[2] [illegible]ding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in [illegible]n 1521 and 1522. GREY.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,[3] my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend ; if you will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end,
'Tis my undoing : Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,

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[3] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MAL.——It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts*, ii. 46. REED.

That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,[4]
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord ?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound ?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?
Gard. What other
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?
Must I go like a traitor thither ?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

[4] [illegible] that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, disco[illegible]r empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNS.

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.[5]
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K.Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,

[5] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See *Procopius de bell. Vandal.* L. I. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's *Machiavel*, Vol. I. p. 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's *Memoirs*, p. 206. REED.

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.——
Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,——
K.Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.
Cham. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.
K.Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
K.Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;[5]
You shall have

[5] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K.Hen. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

The Palace Yard. Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?[6] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[7]

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning;[8] which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

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spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. STEE.

[6] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNS.

[7] *Gaping*—that is, shouting or roaring; a sense which this word has now almost lost. REED.——Such being one of the ancient senses of the verb—to *gape*, perhaps the "*gaping* pig" mentioned by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, has hitherto been misinterpreted. STEEV.

[8] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a maying on the first of May. STEEV.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[9] to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. —Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?[1] or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at the door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face;[2] for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake[3] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, clubs![4] when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which

[9] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNS.

[1] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. JOHNS.

[2] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNS.

[3] A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar, 1616: "*Firedrake*. A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest maketh it seem like a bellie, and both ends like to a head and taile." MAL.

[4] The outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult. WHALLEY.

were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work : The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill,[5] or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,[6] and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles,[7] that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in : are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs ? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[8] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound :
They are come already from the christening :
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail ; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[5] I suspect this to have been a puritanical meeting-house. JOHNS.
[6] He means in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. MAL. [7] A public whipping. JOHNS.
[8] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel* ; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNS. [9] To *pick* is to pitch. MAL.

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NORFOLK *godmother, bearing the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K.Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K.Hen. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K.Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her :
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her :[2] But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K.Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K.Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;

[2] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of king James. JOHNS.

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught : Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*That's witty !*
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd them ;[4] If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.[5]

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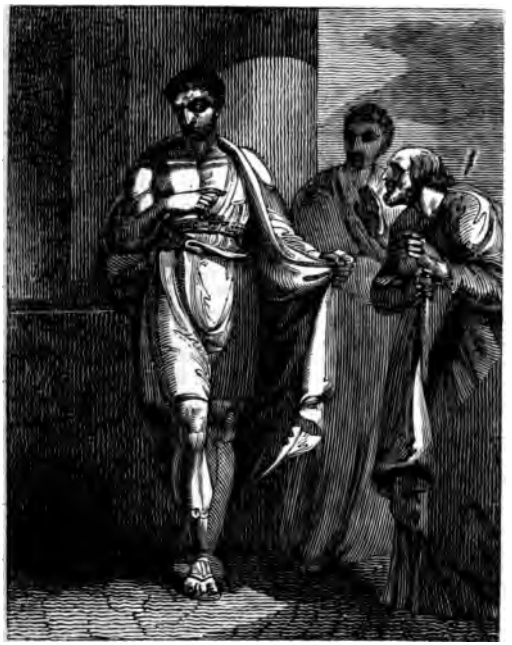
[4] Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare : *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible : the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is, in Shakspeare, so much of *fool and fight* ;

" ———the fellow,
" In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,"

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNS.

[5] The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John, Richard the Third*, and *Henry VIII.* deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall : from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World.* JOHNS.

CORIOLANUS.



ACT III. Scene III.

Coriolanus. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. POPE.

Of this play, there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus.*
A Roman herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:[1] What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:[2] the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes,[3] ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

[1] *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. FARMER.

[2] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNS.

[3] It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake.* Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rakel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNS.——It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its original simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. *As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind. STEEV.

Cit. Against him first ; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country.

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; 'Would all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you
With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves ?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state ; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attend you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.[4]

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:[5] but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments[6]
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs,[7] but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

[4] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North, where they say *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. STEEV.

[5] *Disgraces* are hardships, injuries. JOHNS.

[6] *Where* for whereas. JOHNS.

[7] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNS.

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.[8]
2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,[9] the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——
Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body,——
Men. Well, what then?
1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Cit.* You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,[1]
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—
Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

[8] I suppose we should read—*They are not as you.* So, in *St. Luke*, xviii. 11: "God, I thank thee, I am not *as* this publican." The pronoun—*such*, only disorders the measure. STEEV.

[9] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man.* JOHNS.

[1] *Cranks* are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEV.

1 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common ; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ?—
Cit. I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?
Men. For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some 'vantage.[2]—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.[3]—Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?
1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.[4] Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate : and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,

[2] Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. MAL.
[3] *Bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days. STEEV.
[4] That is, Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEV.

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rate ; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say ?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol : who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough ?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[5]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[6]
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.[7]

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : Hang 'em !
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs ;
That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must eat ;
That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,[8]
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'Sdeath !
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

[5] *Ruth*—that is, their pity, compassion. STEEV.

[6] Why a quarry ? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNS.

[7] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

[8] To give the final blow to the nobles. *Generosity* is high birth. JOHN.

For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What's the matter?
Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other Senators:* JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.[9]
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
—Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Lartius!
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*

[9] The meaning is, The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms. JOHN.

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth :[1] pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators*, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. *Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.[2]

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[3]

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity,[4] he goes,
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i.e. You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNS.
[2] To *gird*—To *sneer*, to *gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, every man has a *gird* at me. JOHNS.
[3] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. STEEV.
[4] We will learn what he is to do besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNS.

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-house. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' *house. Enter* VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;[5] when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.[6] I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,

[5] That is, attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.
[6] The crown given to him that saved the life of a citizen; which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNS.

Though you were born in Rome : His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy.[7] The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O'my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; catched it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it ![8]

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.[9]

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Vol. She shall, she shall.

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[7] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. STEE.
[8] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. STEEV.
[9] *Crack* signifies a boy child. STEEV.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam.

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lies these armies?
Mes. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and others.

—Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,[1] not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

[1] Plutarch, in The Life of Coriolanus, relates this as his opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius :
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.[2]
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street. Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him ;—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not :
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me :
To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius ! [*Exit* MAR.
—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away, [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Make* remain—is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANMER.

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS. *Enter* COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought. We are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our pow'rs, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: Briefly, we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,

How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying,[3] threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think——
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i'the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present;[4] but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,[5] and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting

[3] That is, remitting his ransom. JOHNS.
[4] *Delay*, for let slip. WARB. [5] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNS

Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his hand*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces ? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,[6]
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid ;[7] the rest will serve
For a short holding : If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
—Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[6] Perhaps we may read :

——Please you to march ;
And *fear* shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are *least* inclin'd.

Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards. JOHNS.

[7] That is, companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply—a hundred. STEEV.

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,[8]
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.[9]
[*Exeunt, driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, *and Romans ; at the other side,* MARCIUS, *withhis arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd,[1] hear more ; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier !—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,

[8] An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that these words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possess'd of.*" MAL.
[9] For condemned, we may read contemned. You have, to my shame, sent me help that I despise. JOHNS.
[1] That is, thrown into a grateful trepidation. STEEV.

Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :[2]
Had'st thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more. My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,[3]
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done ; that's what I can :
Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country ;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,[4]
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS ! MARCIUS ! *cast up their caps and lances :* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall

---

[2] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNS.
[3] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNS.
[4] That is, not be remembered. JOHNS.

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars![5]—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved, my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.[6]

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best,[7] with whom we may articulate,[8]
For their own good, and ours.

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[5] It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. STEEV.—When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war. *Overture*, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. MAL.

[6] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him.—*Fairness* for *utmost*. WARB.

[7] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNS.

[8] That is, enter into articles. STEEV.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:——
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?——
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;[7]
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

[7] *Potch*, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STE.
The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. MAL.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself:[1] nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[2] even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove;[3]
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place. Enter* MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?[4]

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You are two old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

---

[1] To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity. . . JOHNS.

[2] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNS.

[3] *Attended*—that is, waited for. STEEV.

[4] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, of the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNS.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,[5] and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.[6] What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked

[5] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNS.

[6] Rather a late lier down, than an early riser. JOHNS.

face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;[8] you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,[9] in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;[1] and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians; I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire to the back of the scene.*

---

[8] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. MAL.

[9] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARB.

[1] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNS.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?[2]

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

[2] *Possessed,* in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNS.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets!

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.[3]

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

[3] Volumnia in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNS.

Cor. My gracious silence, hail![4]
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and your's: [*To his Wife and Mother*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: Only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your pratling nurse

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[4] By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

A lady's tears are silent orators,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honey-tongued rhetorician. STEEV.

Gracious seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. MAL.

Into a rapture lets her baby cry,[5]
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin[6] pins
Her richest lockram[7] 'bout her reechy neck,[8]
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens[9]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god,[1] who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours ; which
That he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility ;[2]
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

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[5] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So *to be rapt'd* signified, *to be in a fit*. WARB.

[6] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a dirty wench. HANMER.——*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens : a scarecrow. P.——*Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary) ; as *Wilkin, Tomkin*, &c. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess* : the scullion. RITSON.

[7] *Lockram* was a kind of cheap linen. STEEV.

[8] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. RITSON.

[9] Seld-shown *flamens*—that is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. STEEV.

[1] That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever *god he be*. JOHN.

[2] By *napless* Shakspeare means *thread-bare*. Plutarch's words are "with a *poore* gowne on their backes." MAL.

Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?
Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently[3] 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,[4] without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,

[3] *He waved*—that is, he would have waved indifferently. JOHNS.
[4] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. M. MASON.

As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,[5]
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;[6]
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak,—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

[5] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNS.
[6] i.e. that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNS.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* Cor.

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,[1]
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,[2] he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin[3] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd the best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd[4] all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted

[1] How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it when even offered to himself. JOHNS.
[2] When Tarquin raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNS.
[3] That is, his chin on which there was no beard. STEEV.
[4] To *lurch*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards.

With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours[5]
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery[6] itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.[7]

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

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[5] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNS.

[6] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. WARB.

[7] Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 398, the senate chose both the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to Shakspeare's ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well as to the dignity of his characters, or the dictates of nature in general. WARB.——The inaccuracy is to be attributed not to our author, but to Plutarch. North's translation. p. 244. MAL.

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't.—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that ?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus ;—
Show them the unaking scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only :——
Men. Do not stand upon't.
—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !
[*Flourish. Then exeunt senators.*
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He that will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum. Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do : for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster

of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south;[8] and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—

[8] To suppose all their wits to issue from one scull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. M. MASON.

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd;—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Ex. two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, y have been a rod to her friends; you have not, inde loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, th have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter sworn brother the people, to earn a dear estimation them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterf the bewitchments of some popular man, and give bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and theref give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your count

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge[9] with show them. I will make much of your voices, and so trou you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*E*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better is it to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown[1] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things, should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voic

[9] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNS.

[1] Mr. Steevens is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to "wolf in sheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call I self a wolf; but merely to say, "Why should I stand here playing hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature." RITS

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* COR. *and* MEN.
—He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show
in private ;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he : *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore : When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you :—Was not this mockery ?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't ?[2]
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal : and now, arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves : You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,[3]
When he did need your loves ; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

[2] Did you want knowledge to discern it ? JOHNS.
[3] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNS.

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?[4]
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,[5]
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And noble nam'd so, being censor twice,

[4] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEV.
[5] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNS.

Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,[6]
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer[7]
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street. Cornets. Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

[6] That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour. JOHNS.
[7] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNS.

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* LART.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,[8]
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will de dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?[9]
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,

[8] Plume, deck, dignify their lives. JOHN.
[9] The metaphor is from man's setting a mastiff upon any one. WARB.

Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot :
The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since ?
Bru. How ! I inform them !
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul ? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir : If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd :—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome ;[1] nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I'the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn !
This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—
But for the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves :[2] I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion,[3] insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

[1] That is, this trick of dissimulation ; this shuffling. JOHNS.
[2] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNS.
[3] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. STEEV.

Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,[4]
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?[5] mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.[6]
Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters,[7] wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.[8] They chose their magistrate:
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,

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[4] *Meazell* a *leper.* STEEV. [5] i. e. small fry. WARB.—A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish. JOHNS.
[6] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech of which he has no right. JOHNS.—These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. MASON.
[7] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARB.
[8] The plain meaning is, that senators and plebeians are equal when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest. STEEV.

His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,[9]
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:[1] this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied[2] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

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[9] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARB.

[1] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNS.

[2] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MAL.

Cor. No, take more :
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't ;[3] that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic,[4]
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;[5]
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,[6]
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

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[3] To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors ; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the original constitution of our government. JOHNS.

[4] To *jump*, anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To *jump a body* may therefore mean to put it into violent agitation or commotion. STEEV.

[5] *Integrity* is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency. JOHNS.

[6] Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat !
Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the Ædiles and a Rabble of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him !
[*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons !
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens !—what ho !—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !
Cit. Peace, peace, peace ; stay, hold, peace !
Men. What is about to be ?—I am out of breath ;
Confusion's near : I cannot speak :—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people ;—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune ;—peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie !
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people ?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon him
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No ; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, Marcius ! help,
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !
Cit. Down with him, down with him !
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are all beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that ?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid !
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the capitol,)—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return?[7] whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone;
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away. [*Exe.* COR. COM. *and oth*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mou
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise wit*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the geance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,——
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

[7] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denom by these a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNS.

Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*
Men. Sir,—
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havoc,[8] where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:——
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then:
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he has lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:

[8] *To cry havock* was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war, and is expressly forbid in *Ordinances des Battailles*, the second article of which seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*. TYRWHITT.

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.[8]
Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, is not then respected
For what before it was ?
Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If 'twere so,—
Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—
Men. Consider this ;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :
—Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place :—we'll attend you there :—
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you :—

[8] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va a contrepoil, All goes clean kam.* Hence a cambrel for a crooked stick or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARB.—The Welch word for crooked is kam. STEEV.

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in CORIOLANUS'*s house. Enter* CORIOLANUS, *and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse,[9] my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up[1]
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To* VOL.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city

[9] That is, I wonder, I am at a loss. [1] My rank. JOHNS.

Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsell'd :
I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better 'vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman :
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do ?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods :
Must I then do't to them ?
Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.[2] I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ?
Cor. Tush, tush !
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?
Cor. Why force you this ?[3]
Vol. Because, that now it lies you on to speak
To the people ; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to ;
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

---

[2] Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. MAL. [3] Why urge you? JOHNS.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour : I am in this,[4]
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;[5]
And you will rather show our general lowts[5]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.[6]

Men. Noble lady !—
Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present,[7] but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,[8]
Now will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were your's :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place : and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

---

[4] I think the meaning is, 'I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.' [5] Our common clowns. JOHNS.
[6] The want of their loves. [7] *Not* seems to signify not only. JOHNS.
[8] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEN.

Vol. He must, and will :—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce ?[8]
Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,[9]
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't :—
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,[1] into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ;[2] and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do't :
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ;[3] for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.

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[8] *Unbarbed*—bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*, probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS. To *barb* a man was to shave him. To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. Unbarbed may however bear the signification which Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. STEEV.

[9] That is, piece, portion ; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARB.

[1] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNS.

[2] To *tent*, is to take up residence. JOHNS.

[3] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, 'Go, do thy worst ; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.' JOHNS.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum. Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
—Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.[4]—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience ; peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ?
Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

[4] That is, would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEV.

Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.[5]
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office,[6] and to wind
Yourself unto a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How ! Traitor ?
Men. Nay, temperately : Your promise.
Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thine hands clutch'd[7] as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people ?
Cit. To the rock with him ; to the rock with him !
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath

[5] *Envy*—is here taken at large for malignity or ill intention. JOHNS.
[6] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNS. [7] i. e. grasped. STEEV.

Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,——
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence[8]
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
He's banish'd, and so it shall be.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,[9] her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——
Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

[8] *Not*—stands again for *not only*. JOHNS.——So in *Thessa.* iv. 8. "He therefore, that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God." STEEV.
[9] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHN

Cor. You common cry of curs![1] whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,[2]
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abased captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City. Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—The beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

[1] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. MAL.

[2] 'Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.'——It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. "The people (says he) cannot see, but they can feel." It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNS.

Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning.[3] You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a young man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond[4] to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.[5]

Vol. My first son,[6]
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

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[3] The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the powers of indurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.——"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men." JOHNS.

[4] i. e. 'tis foolish. [5] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHN.

[6] *First*—i. e. noblest, most eminent of men. WARB.

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[7] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate. Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; He's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

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[7] i. e. Of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from the trying gold on the touchstone. WARB.

Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.
Vol. O, you're well met.
The hoarded plague o'the gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To* BRUTUS.
Vir. You shall stay too: [*To* SICIN.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?[8]
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.
—Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship[9]
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

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[8] The word mankind is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A mankind woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be mankind. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out,

——Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? JOHNS.

[9] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNS.

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do, [*Ex. Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? No.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.[1] What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.
Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so

[1] I would read,—Your favour is well *approved* by your tongue. That is, your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face. STEEV.

to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[2] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'*s House. Enter* CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium:—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

[2] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNS.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O, world, thy slippery turns ![3] Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'*s house. Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ! my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are you ? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.
Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.[4]

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his eyes

[3] This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius : and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARB.
[4] i.e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. STEEV

in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and the second Servant.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,[5]
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee,[6] that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims[7]
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

[5] Memory, for memorial. [6] A heart of resentment. JOHNS.
[7] i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNS.

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword;[8] and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
That when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

[8] Aufidius styles Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on his *anvil*. STEE

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways :
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! most welcome ! [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Auf.

1 *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,[9] and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:[1] He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.[2]

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as

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[9] Alluding, improperly, to the act of crossing upon any strange event. JOHNS.

[1] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. JOHNS.

[2] That is, bared, cleared. JOHNS.—To *poll*, anciently signified to cut off the head. STEEV.

far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.[3] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. A public Place. Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'the present peace[4]
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

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[3] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. JOHNS.

[4] That is, Ineffectual in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon. STEEV.

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,——
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go, see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me :
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !
Mes. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful ?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely !
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[5]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !
Men. What news ? What news ?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—
Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

[5] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To atone here is, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite. JOHNS.

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news ?——
You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——
Com. If!
He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,[6] and
The breath of garlic-eaters ![7]
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit :[8] You have made fair work !
Bru. But is this true, sir ?
Com. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true :

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[6] *Occupation* is here used for mechanicks, men occupied in daily business. MAL.

[7] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNS.——To smell of leeks was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

——quis tecum sectile porum
Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit ? STEEV.

[8] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEV.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again.[9] Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exe.* COM. *and* MENEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;

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[9] As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNS.

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Ex. Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp, at a small distance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.[1] First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,[2]
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.[3] So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.[4]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,[5] strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

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[1] We find in Drayton's Polyolbion, song xxv. a full account of the osprey, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile.

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, tho' seldom here he breeds,
Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glottonous maw."

LANGTON.

[2] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the casque or helmet to the cushion or chair of civil authority; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNS.

[3] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNS.

[4] I. e. The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations. JOHNS.

[5] *Rights by rights fouler* may well mean. "That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair." All the short sentences in this speech are obscure, and some nonsensical. M. MASON.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place. Enter* MENENIUS, MINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
But what o'that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd[6]
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap :[7] A noble memory ![8]

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two ? I am one of those ; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grain:
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

---

[6] Condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEV.

[7] You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of co

[8] Memorial. STEEV.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: Therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold,[9] his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

[9] He is inthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour. WARB.

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations. Enter MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[2]
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,[3]
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you

[1] Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: 'To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain.' JOHNS. [2] A lot is here a prize. JOHNS.
[3] Subtle, means smooth, level ground. STEEV.——May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful?* MALONE.

should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood ;—back, that's the utmost of your having :—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men. Now you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now, that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardent[4] cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O, my son ! my son ! thou

[4] This term is equivalent to one still is use—*a jack in office.* STEEV.

art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts.[5] That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* COR. *and* AUF.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent[6] for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: For such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

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[5] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNS.

[6] Shent—is brought to destruction. JOHNS.——*Shent* does not mean brought to destruction, but *shamed, disgraced,* made ashamed of himself. PERCY

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.[4]
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

[4] i. e. how openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment. JOH.

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.[8]
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,[9] that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

[8] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, 'These eyes are not the same,' meaning, that he saw things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNS.

[9] That is, by Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNS.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,[1] inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[2]
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness;—therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;[3]
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose

[1] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome. WARB. [2] That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNS.
[3] That is, constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake. JOHNS.

The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine : If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd ;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'the stocks.[6] Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength[7]
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Coroli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*Holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

---

[6] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNS.
[7] Does argue for us and our petition. JOHNS.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.[8] [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by ;
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you :[1] all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. A public Place. Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol ; yond' corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.[2]

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.[3] The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves

[8] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and and power. JOHNS.

[1] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEV.

[2] Stay but *for* it. STEEV.

[3] Subintelligitur, *remembers his dam.* WARB.

like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.[4] What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

[4] In a foregoing note he was said *to sit in gold*. The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means *as one made to resemble Alexander*. JOHNS.

A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !
[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

All. Welcome, ladies !
Welcome ! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. A public Place. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,[5]
The city-ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Despatch. [*Exe. Atten.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

Most welcome !

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein

[5] That is, The one I accuse. So in *The Winter's Tale*,
"*I* am appointed *him* to murder you." MAL.

You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his;[7] and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[8] as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark! [*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*

[7] Instead of *end*, Mr. Rowe reads *make*. STEE.
[8] The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance for my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNS.

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS *with drums and colours ; Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought hom
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans : And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?——
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and rear'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.[2]
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*

[2] By these words, Aufidius does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell Coriolanus that he was *no more* than a 'boy of tears.'
M. MASON.

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ;—He killed my cousin Marcus ;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth :[3] His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lor.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

1 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—[4]
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.

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[3] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNS.
[4] Memorial. STEEV.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT II. Scene II.

Calpurnia. Let me on my knees prevail in this.
Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well, and for thy humour I will stay at home.

OBSERVATIONS.

OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius, is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Decius Brutus is put in the following play for *Decimus* Brutus. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says—ab iis, quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est; justissimasque optimè de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere: Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perisse.
Lib. ii. c. 64.

Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos
Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset
Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.
Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
Deterrere potest.—
Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem
Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of Decius for Decimus arose from the old translation of Plutarch. FARMER.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvers met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. UPTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs after the death*
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA ; *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, }
CASSIUS, }
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, } *conspirators against Juli*
LIGARIUS, } *Cæsar.*
DECIUS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young* CATO, *a*
VOLUMNIUS ; *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DA
DANIUS ; *servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rom afterwards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street Enter* FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a Rabble of Citizens.*

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
—You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Ma. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Ex. Citizens.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[1]

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards, he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARB.

SCENE II.

The same. A public Place. Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,——
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,——
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.——Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar:—Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that!
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Casc. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand[2]
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,[3]
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor;[4] if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

[2] Strange—is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOH.
[3] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNS.
[4] To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNS.

And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;[5]
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[6] should
So get the start of the majestic world,[7]
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than your's?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

---

[5] A plain man would have said the *colour fled from his lips.* But the false expression was for the sake of a false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARB.

[6] That is, temperament, constitution. STEEV.

[7] This image is extremely noble; it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the Roman Empire; their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion Orbis Romanus. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, "Yes, if the racers were kings." WARB.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once,[8] that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,[9]
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

---

[8] That is, Lucius Junius Brutus. [9] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNS.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exe.* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad ?

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my think-

ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,[1] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, Alas, good soul!—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off

[1] Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNS.

Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:[2] Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.[3] I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

---

[2] The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNS.

[3] The meaning, I think is this. "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me," should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNS.

SCENE III.

. *A Street. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opsides,* CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?
e you breathless ? and why stare you so ?
. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth[5]
like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
een tempests, when the scolding winds
v'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
bitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
xalted with the threat'ning clouds :
er till to-night, never till now,
) through a tempest dropping fire.
there is a civil strife in heaven ;
the world, too saucy with the gods,
s them to send destruction.
Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?
. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)
his left hand, which did flame, and burn
enty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
sible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
, (I have not since put up my sword,)
the Capitol I met a lion,
ar'd upon me,[6] and went surly by,
t annoying me : And there were drawn
heap a hundred ghastly women,
rmed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
ll in fire, walk up and down the streets.
sterday, the bird of night did sit,
: noon-day, upon the market-place,
, and shrieking. When these prodigies
onjointly meet, let not men say,
re their reasons,—They are natural ;
elieve, they are portentous things
e climate that they point upon.
Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
n may construe things after their fashion,
rom the purpose of the things themselves.
Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?
. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
ord to you, he would be there to-morrow.

---

whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNS.
r'd has a singular propriety, as it is highly expressive of the fu-
tillation of a lion's eye. STEEV.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults:
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[6]
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casc. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;[7]
Why old men fools, and children calculate;[8]
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,

---

[6] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. STEEV.
[7] That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next lines:
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why all these thing change from their ordinance. JOHNS.
[8] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel, to prophesy. WARB.

In personal action, yet prodigious grown,[9]
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;[1]
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made:[2] But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,

[9] Prodigious is portentous. STEEV.
[1] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength. STEEV.
[2] I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words. JOHNS.

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand ;[3]
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;[4]
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window : set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit* CIN.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

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[3] Here's my hand. JOH. [4] *Factious*, seems here to mean *active*. JOH.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* BRUTUS's *Orchard.* *Enter* BRUTUS.

Bru. WHAT, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : what, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death : and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—That ;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power :[4] And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[5]
By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

[4] *Remorse* for mercy. WARB. [5] That is, low steps. JOHNS.

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,[6] grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:[7]

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[6] According to his nature. JOHNS.

[7] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the terrible graces, and which

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,[9]
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone ?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them ?
Luc. No,sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[1]
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;
Hide in it smiles, and affability :
For if thou path thy native semblance on,[2]
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good-morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

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are so frequent in Homer, are not to be found in any of the following writers. Among our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his Cato borrowed from the Philippics of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description ; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

"O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death." *Cato.* WARB.

Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of his own mind ; when the genius, or power that watches for his protection, and the mortal instruments, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate ; when the desire of action and the care of safety keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNS.

[9] Cassius married Junia, Brutus's sister STEEV.
[1] Any distinctions of countenance. JOHNS.
[2] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNS.

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you ?
Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,
But honours you ; and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here ?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath : If not the face of men,[3]
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[4] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

---

[3] Mr. Mason would read *faiths of men*, which might easily have been confounded with *face*. MAL.

[4] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of decimation, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. STEEV.

And will not palter ?[5] and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,[6]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cim. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :[7]
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

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[5] Will not fly from his engagements. MAL.

[6] Bulloker, in his English expositor, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus, "Warie, circumspect." MAL.

[7] Envy is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. MAL.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet do I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.[8]

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:[9]
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

[8] Company is here used in a disreputable sense. HENLEY.
[9] Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. MALONE.

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,[1]
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :
For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :[2]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,

[1] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pit-falls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bate to tempt them, was exposed. STEEV.

[2] That is, by his house. MALONE.

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[3]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets

[3] On your temper, the disposition of your mind. MALONE.

That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible ;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick ?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot ;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in CÆSAR'*s Palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter* CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar ! Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[4]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

[4] i.e. I never paid a superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. STEE.

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets :
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.[5]

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :[6]
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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[5] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNS.

[6] The ancients did not place courage, but wisdom in the heart. JOHN.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.[7]
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,

[7] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions : one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new tinctures, and new marks of cognizance ; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint for reliques, as to a prince for honours. JOHNS.

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[8]
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good-morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—And so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

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[8] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNS.

SCENE III.

The same. A Street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,* ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[9]
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS. *Enter* PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?
Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :

[9] Emulation here, as on many other occasions, is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. STEEV.

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter Soothsayer.
Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follow Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting. A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them* ARTEMIDORUS *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæsar.
THE ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first : for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Poft. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize, Popilius ?
Poft. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant :
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd :[2] press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart :—
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,[3]

[2] That is, He is ready. STEEV.
[3] Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. WARB.

Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[4]
Yet, in the number, I do know but one[5]
That unassailable holds on his rank,[6]
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

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[4] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNS.
[5] One, and only one. JOH.
[6] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, To hold a rank, and To hold on a course or way. JOHNS.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ?—Then fall, Cæsar. [*Dies.*
The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Casca. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony ?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd :
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :—
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk ye forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :[8]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

[8] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. JOHNS.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
Here dist thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.[9]
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd

[9] Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for death. STE.

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exe. all but* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.[3]
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;[4]

[3] That is, in the course of times. JOHNS.

[4] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *Havock* was the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.——In a tract intitled, "The Office of the Con-

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar !— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'*s body.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum. Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a Throng of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

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stable & Mareschall in the Time of Werre," there is the following :—"Also that no man be so hardy to crye Hivok upon peyne that he that is the begynner shal be deede therefore : & the remanent that doo the same or follow shal lose their horse & harneis ; and the persones of such as followeth & escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable & Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn ; & founde suretie no morr to offende ; & his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.——" JOHNS.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.[5]

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'*s body.*

Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[5] This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit, or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity. STEEV.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !
1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.
4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,——
2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[5]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.[6]
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity:[7] these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: Revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen,

1 *Cit.* Peace there: Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

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[5] I could bring a multitude of instances where *statua* is used for *statue*. STEEV.

[6] Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his Eloisa, talks of

———"pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep."

Shakspeare has enumerated *dews of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day, and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain." STEEV.

[7] *The dint of pity* is the impression of pity. JOHNS.

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[8]

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

[8] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob. STEEV.

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[9]

The same. A Street. Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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[9] The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch. STEEV.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.
4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius':—away; go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Antony.

THESE many men shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,[1]
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

[1] Lucius, not Publius, was the person here meant, who was the uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. This mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, who has already substituted Decius in the room of Decimus, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEV.

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octaviús, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.——Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' *Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Drum. Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers :* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——
Bru. Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Tent of BRUTUS. LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it. Enter* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.[2]

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ?[3] What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?

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[2] That is, every small trifling offence. WARB.

[3] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting, that there was not a man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MAL.

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;[4] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[5]
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.

[4] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNS.
[5] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNS.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,[6]
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.[7]
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

[6] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to wring, implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting; and hard hands signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold. WARB.

[7] The meaning is this; I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* JOHNS.

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ; what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynick rhime !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?[8]
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exe.* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrows better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
—In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,

[8] That is, with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition as well as a dance. MAL.

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,[9]
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,

[9] That is, in theory. MAL.

By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?
Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUC.] Farewell, good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill-beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exe.* CAS. TIT. *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi. Enter* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. NOW, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show :
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?
Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army ;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd you teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ;
I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still !
Oct. Come, Antony ; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exe.* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim, bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho !
Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
Cas. Messala.—
Mes. What says my general ?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala ;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[2]

[2] Forme for foremost. STEEV.

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?[3]

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,[4]
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life;—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;

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[3] That is, I am resolved it such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARB.

[4] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence, in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch is perplexed, and might easily be misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which, in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it. STEEV.

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?
Pin. [*above.*] O my lord !
Cas. What news ?
Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur ;—Yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him ; now, Titinius !—
Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—He's ta'en ;—
and, hark !
They shout for joy. [*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !
Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MES.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*
Dar. I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;[9]
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.
—Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly.
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
[*Exe.* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

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[9] So in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he wouldc helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kille him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have been naughtie and unjust men, taue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c. STEEV.

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.[5]
Oct. Do so, Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

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[5] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant. REED.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

ACT V. Scene I.

Charmian. Speak softly, wake her not.

OBSERVATIONS.

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *friends of Antony.*
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *friends to Cæsar.*
MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } *friends of Pompey.*
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, *and* DIOMEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'*s Palace.* *Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;[1]
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.[2] Look, where they come !

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world[3] transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn[4] how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.[5]

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum.[6]

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

[1] Reneges—renounces. POPE.

[2] Gipsy—is here used both in the original meaning for an Egyptian, and in its accidental sense for a bad woman. JOHNS.

[3] Triple—is here used improperly for third, or one of three. One of the Triumvirs, one of the three masters of the world. WARB.

[4] Bourn—bound or limit. POPE.

[5] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNS.

[6] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words. JOHNS.

His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both ?
—Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,[7]
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.[8]—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their train.*

[7] To weet—to know. POPE.

[8] *But* in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except.* 'Antony,' says the queen, 'will recollect his thoughts.' 'Unless kept,' he replies, 'in commotion by Cleopatra.' JOHNS.

By *Antony will be himself,* she means to say, that 'Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia.' To which he replies, '*If but stirr'd by Cleopatra ;*" that is, if moved to it in the slightest degree by her. MASON.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[9] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands![1]
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.[2]
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me

[9] Fame. MAL.
[1] 'To change his horns *with* [i.e. for] garlands,' signifies to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as honourable one. STE.
[2] To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNS

be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:[3] find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:[4]
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the

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[3] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea. STEEV.

[4] A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. STEEV.

people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEO. ENOB. ALEX. IRAS, CHAR. *Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus
(This is stiff news,) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia[5] from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria

[5] To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize*. JOHNS.

To Lydia, and to Ionia ; whilst——
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mes. O, my lord !
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still ;[6] and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.[7] Fare thee well a while.
Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one ?
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?
2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she ?
2 *Mes.* In Sicyon :
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself :[8] she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.[9]
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

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[6] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNS —"The ridges left in lands turned up by the plow, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind*-rows, as are also the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *turning fallows*, always fruitful in weeds. STEEV.

[7] *Earing* here and in other places signifies *plowing*. So, in *Genesis* xlv : "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest." BLACKSTONE.

[8] The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. STEE.

[9] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place ; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, 'the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.' HEATH.

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[9] I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;[1] comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

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[9] For less reason; upon meaner motives. JOHNS.

[1] The meaning is this: 'As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.' ANON.

Eno. And the business you have broached here, cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,[9]
And get her love to part.[1] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,[2]
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home:[3] Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.[4] Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
—I did not send you;[6]—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

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[9] *Expedience,* for expedition. WARB.

[1] I suspect the author wrote, And get her *leave* to part. MAL.

[2] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNS.

[3] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNS.

[4] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.—Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions showed, that what were vulgarly called animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

[6] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOH.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[7] They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

[7] i.e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARB.—This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. JOHNS.

Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you.[8] Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
And newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd;[9] at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water?[1] Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come:—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

[8] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNS.
[9] i.e. The commotion she occasioned. STEEV.
[1] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNS.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt:[2] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[3] does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.[4]
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.[5]
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

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[2] To me, the Queen of Egypt. JOHNS.
[3] Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules. STEEV.
[4] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning she cries out: 'O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.' *Oblivion,* I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful. STEEV.
[5] But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEV.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR'*s House. Enter* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor.[6] From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness;[7] hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd;[8] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.[9] If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

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[6] Perhaps—*Our* great competitor. JOHNS.

[7] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads,

——spots on ermine,
Or fires by night's blackness. JOHNS.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence* and *splendor*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other. MAL.

[8] *Purchas'd*—Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNS.

[9] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNS.

Call on him for't :[1] but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,[2]
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Leп. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar :[3] to the ports
The discontents repair,[4] and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind :[5] Many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't,[6] and flush youth revolt :[7]
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals.[8] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st

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[1] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar —If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*. JOHNS.

[2] Boys old enough to know their duty. JOHNS.

[3] These whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey JOHNS. [4] i.e. the malcontents. MAL.

[5] To *ear*, is to *plough*. JOH.

[6] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOH.

[7] Youth ripened to manhood ; youth whose blood is at the flow. STEE.

[8] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. See Macbeth, p. 25. The old copy, however, reads *vaissailes*. STEEV.

Vassals is, without question, the true reading. HENLEY.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.[3]—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again

[3] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNS.

My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.[3] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in* POMPEY'*s House. Enter* POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.[4]
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full.[5] Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

[3] By sending out messengers. JOHNS.
[4] The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value. JOHNS.
[5] The poet's allusion is to the moon; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or crescent; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a full orb. THEOB.

Looking for Antony : But all charms of love
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip ![6]
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow[7] pluck ..
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between the
selves ;[8]
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.

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[6] In the old edition it is,—'thy wand lip !' Perhaps, for fond lip warm lip, says Dr. Johnson. Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, plies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional soft on the lip of Cleopatra : i.e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of lover : or, as Mr. Ritson expresses the same idea, that "her *lip*, which become *pale* and *dry* with *age*, may recover the *colour* and *softness* of her *lad* days." The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to show the sp er's private contempt of it. It may be remarked that the lips of Afric and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEV.

[7] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterw drowned. STEEV.

[8] *Square*—that is, quarrel. STEEV.

Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*[1]

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS. *Enter* ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:—
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate

[1] This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNS.

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,
Then——[3]

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.[4]

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act:[5] I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[6]

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[3] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay then*; i. e. If you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. STEEV.

[4] Was theme for you,—I believe means only, 'was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan;' as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. STEEV.

[5] i.e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. WARB.

[6] *Reports*, for reporters. STEEV.

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause?[7] Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace.[8] As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:[9]
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote toyou,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself;[1] which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow

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[7] That is, *I* having alike your cause. MAL.

[8] *Fronted*, i.e. opposed. JOHNS.

[9] I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that tho' you can govern a third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter. MAL.——*Such*, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it:
'I would you had her spirit in another.' STEEV.

[1] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. WARB.

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar.
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,——
Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it :[1] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you ; to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.[2]
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.[3]
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ;[4] for it cannot be,

---

[1] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MAL.
[2] *Atone.* reconcile. STEEV.——*Griefs*, grievances. MAL.
[3] If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. "As silent as a stone," however, might have been once a common phrase. STEEV.
[4] I do not, says Cesar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNS.

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.[5]

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

---

[5] i.e. you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. MASON.

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !
Lep. Happily, amen !
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;[6]
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. And where lies he ?
Cæs. About the mount Misenum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land ?
Cæs. Great, and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it ;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT. *and* LEP.
Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—my honourable friend, Agrippa !—
Agr. Good Enobarbus !
Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You staied well by it in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there ; Is this true ?

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[6] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNS.

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.[7]

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,[8]
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature:[9] on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

---

[7] i.e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. STEEV.

[8] The reader may not be displeased with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden:

"Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad;
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice." REED.

[9] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. WARE.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,[1]
And made their bends adornings :[2] at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

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[1] Perhaps, *tended her by th' eyes*, discovered her will by the eyes. JOHNSON.

The whole passage is taken from the following in sir Thos. North's translation of Plutarch. "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them was apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweet sauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience :" &c. STEEV.

[2] This passage, as it stands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading, *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus :

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the guise,
And made their bends, adornings.

In the guise, means in the forms of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail : and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says :

" ———at the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers." M. MASON.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion, I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received ; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the guise *of a shepherd, of a friar*, or *of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her "*in the guise*," without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. In *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says :

"To shame *the guise of the* world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within."

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakspeare would most probably have said—" tended her in *that* guise :"—at least would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—" in the *guise*" seems unreducible to sense, and unjustifiable on

That yarely frame the office.[3] From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.[4]

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

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every principle of grammar. Besides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but aukward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a* graceful *curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expense of providing characteristic tails for any set of mimic Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so "as to render them a grace instead of a deformity." In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene, (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of *Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn*. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

"——ut *turpiter* atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty. STEEV.

[3] *Yarely*, that is, readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. STEEV.

[4] Alluding to an axiom in the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue that Nature abhors a vacuum. WARB.

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not ;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety :[4] Other women cloy
Th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests[5]
Bless her, when she is riggish.[6]

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[4] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine ; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus ; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting ; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments. STEEV.

[5] In this, and the foregoing description of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have emulated Shakspeare, and not without success :

"——she's dangerous :
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,
The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery ;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear : Then, she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth :
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles ;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And while I curse desire it."

Be it remembered however, that, in both instances, without a spark from Shakspeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled. REED.

[6] *Rigg* is an antient word meaning a strumpet. STEEV.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in CÆSAR's *House. Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; Attendants and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Oct. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Oct. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆS. *and* OCTA.
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue:[1] But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,[2] as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

---

[1] *Motion*, that is, the divinitory agitation. WARB.
[2] A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. In the sacred writings, *Fear* is also a person: "I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt." *Exodus.* STEEV.

Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—[*Exit Sooth.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails[3] ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[4] I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I'the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street. Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount[5]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success !
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

[3] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNS.
[4] *Inhoop'd*—is inclosed that they may fight. JOHNS.
[5] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEV.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food[6]
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings[7] in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mes. Madam, madam,—

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[6] The *mood* is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Haaren's panegyric on the English begins, Groot moedig Volk, (great-minded nation.) Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the mind, and *moods* of music. JOHNS.

[7] *Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the book-basket. In the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*. RITSON.

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; We use
To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mes. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[6]
Mes. Will't please you hear me ?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speakst:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.[7]
Mes. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mes. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mes. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence ;[8] fye upon *but yet* :
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He's friend with Cæsar ;

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[6] By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man in his senses. *Informal* women, in Measure for Measure, is used for women beside themselves. STE.

[7] i.e. I will give thee a kingdom : it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. So Milton,

" ...the gorgeous east with liberal hand
Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*. WARB.

[8] i. e. Abates the good quality of what is already reported. STEEV.

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mes. For the best turn i'the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mes. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mes. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*
Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility,[9] that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

---

[9] This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. STEEV.——Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. MAL.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mes. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mes. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there still ?
Mes. Should I lie, madam ?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst ;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?
Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married ?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you :
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his faults should make a knave of thee,
That art not !—What ? thou'rt sure of't ?—Get thee hence :
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence,
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia,[7] her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go :[8]—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

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[7] *Feature* antiently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. STEE.

[8] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNS.

T'other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy.; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,[9]
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,

[9] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNS.

Remain in't, as thou may'st.[1]
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,[2]) how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.
Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;[3]
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,

[1] Since, like the cuckoo that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNS.
[2] That is, foreign to the object of our present discussion. STEEV.
[3] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetic. WARB.

And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.[4]
Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
[*Exe.* POM. CÆS. ANT. LEP. *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*] You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.

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[4] This is from North's Plutarch, 1579. "Cleopatra trussed up in a mattresse, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe." RITSON.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:[3] though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.[4]

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance.

---

[3] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's; and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection. WARB.

[4] *Conversation*—that is, behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So in *Ps.* xxxvii. 14; "—to slay such as be of upright *conversation*. STEE.

Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board POMPEY'*s Galley, lying near Misenum. Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o'their plants[4] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.[5]

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,[6] he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.[7]

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.[8]

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To* CÆSAR.] They take the flow o'the Nile

---

[4] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNS.

[5] *Alms drink*—a phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARB.

[6] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.* WARB.

[7] A *partizan*—a pike. JOHNS.

[8] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this. "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks." JOHNS.

By certain scales i'the pyramid ; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow .[8] The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun ; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises[9] are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear : What is't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself ; and it is as broad as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* MENAS *aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang ! Tell me of that ? away !

---

[8] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEEV.

[9] *Pyramis* for *pyramids* was in common use in our author's time. From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. MALONE.

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*
Pom. I think, thou'rt mad.
The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,[8]
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.[9]
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

---

[8] *Competitors*—Confederates, partners. STEEV.

[9] *Palled*—is vapid, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNS.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho![1]
Here is to Cæsar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o'the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANT.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.——
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

---

[1] *Strike the vessels*—means chink the vessels one against the other as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, *chink glasses.* STEEV.
So, in one of Iago's songs:
"And let me the *cannikin clink.*" RITSON.
Vessels probably meant *kettle-drums*, which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, "make battery to our ears with the loud music." They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet*:
"Give me the cups;
And let the *kettle* to the trumpet speak." HOLT WHITE.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :[3]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.
—Good brother,
Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.
—Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.
Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what ? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* POM. CÆS. ANT. *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.
[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a !—There's my cap.
Men. Ho !—noble captain !
Come ! [*Exeunt.*

---

[3] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may mean *red eyes* : eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in Julius Cæsar :

" ——such *ferret* and such fiery eyes."

It should be observed, however, that from the following passage in P. Holland's translation of the 11th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, it appears that *pink*-eyed signified the smallness of eyes : " —also them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie small eies, they termed *ocellæ*." STEEV.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria. Enter* VENTIDIUS, *as after conquest, with* SILIUS *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck;[4] and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus,[5] Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : So thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
Better leave undone, than by our deeds acquire
Too high a fame, when him[6] we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.[7] Thou wilt write to Antony?

---

[4] *Struck*—alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.
[5] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia. STEEV.
[6] See note, Coriolanus, p. 96. MAL.
[7] *Grant*—for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed ; but the sense is this, "thou hast that, Ventidius, which, if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR'*s House. Enter* AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![8]
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.[9] So—
[*Trumpets.*

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cutting and senseless." This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARB.

[8] *Arabian bird*—the phœnix. JOHNS.

[9] That is, they are the *wings* that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:
"——the *shard-borne* beetle." STEEV.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.[1]—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[2] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Oct. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGRIP.
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;[3]

[1] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNS.—*Band* and *bond*, in our author's time, were synonymous. MAL.

[2] i.e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
"For *curious* I cannot be with you. STEEV.

[3] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour

So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mes. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mes. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. STEEV.

Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?[4]
Mes. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.[5]
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'st on majesty.
Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:[6]
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mes. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mes. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.[7]
Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is it long, or round?
Mes. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too,

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[4] This scene, says Dr Grey, is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. STEEV.—I see no probability that Shakspeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made public for above threescore years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches. RITSON.

[5] It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*) *tall of stature*, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her *voyce loud and shrill*." MAL.

[6] *Station*—in this instance, means the *act of standing*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"A *station* like the herald Mercury." STEEV.

[7] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin when she fell to the lot of Antony. STEE.

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.
Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Mess.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him.[8] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O, nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—
But 'tis no master; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY'*s House. Enter* ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,

[8] To *harry*, is to use roughly, harass, subdue. STEEV.—To *harry*, is, to *hunt*. Hence the word *harrier*. King James threatened the Puritans that "he would *harry* them out of the land." HENLEY.

When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother;[9] Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.[1]

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same. Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[2] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote

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[9] *Stain*, that is, shame, or disgrace him. JOHNS.

[1] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNS. [2] *Rivality*—equal rank. JOHNS.

to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him :[3] So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool, Lepidus !*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;[4]
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught :
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'*s House. Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more ;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,[5]
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

---

[3] To *appeal* in Shakspeare, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNS.

[4] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNS.

[5] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNS. In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1597.* will be seen at once the origin of this mistake : "First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria."

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated :
"'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
That Latin French, that French to English straid :
Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France." FARMER.

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse ?
Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.[6]
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war : He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Tracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.
Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !
Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,

[6] That is, his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra. WARB.

To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,[6]
That noises it against us.
Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY's *Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.* *Enter* CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;[7]
And say'st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it? is it?
Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?[8]
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?

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[6] *Regiment*—is government, authority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNS.

[7] To *forspeak*, is to contradict, to speak against, as forbid is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

[8] Cleopatra means to say, "Is not the war denounced against us? Why should we not then attend in person?" She says, a little lower,

"——A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man."

She speaks of herself in the plural number, according to the usual style of sovereigns. M. MASON.——I read with the old copy, introducing only the change of a single letter,—*denounc*'t instead of *denounc*'d. There is, however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*, and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence. MAL.——Surely no valid inference can be drawn from such uncertain premises as the punctuation of the old copy, which (to use the words of Rosalind and Touchstone in *As you like it*) is "as fortune will, or as the destines decree." STEEV.

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done :
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea ! what else ?
Can. Why will my lord do so ?
Ant. For he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well-mann'd :
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress : In Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare ;[9] yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

[9] *Yare*—generally signifies dextrous, manageable. STEEV.

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exe.* ANT. CLEO. *and* ENO.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:[1] So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.[2]

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,[3] as

---

[1] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right or by reason. JOHNS.——Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his *land force*,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. MAL. [2] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. TEEV

[3] *Distractions*—detachments, separate bodies. JOHNS.

Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls for Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.[4] [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over the stage: and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,[5]
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?

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[4] *Jump*—hazard. So, in Macbeth:
"We'd *jump* the life to come." STEEV.

[5] *The Antoniad*—which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

Scar. The greater cantle of the world[6] is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,[7]
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of of Egypt,[8]
Whom leprosy o'ertake ![9] i'the midst of the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her,[1] like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld : mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,[2]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render

---

[6] *Cantle*—a piece or lump. POPE.——Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNS.

[7] *Token'd*, spotted. JOHNS.
The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin ; and these were called *God's tokens*. STEE.

[8] A *Ribald*—is a lewd fellow. *Yon ribald-rid nag*, means "you strumpet who is common to every wanton fellow." STEEV.

[9] *Leprosy*—an epidemical distemper of the Egyptians ; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line.
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum.—— JOHNS.

[1] The *brieze* or œstrum, the fly that stings cattle. JOHNS.

[2] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. STEEV.

My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony,[3] though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTONY *and Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world,[4] that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
Att. Fly ! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : To the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,[5]
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

---

[3] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written,
The wounded *chase* of Antony.——
The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. 'I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, tho' chased and wounded.' JOHNS.
[4] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNS.
[5] I am not master of my own emotions. JOHNS.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fye, fye, fye.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;[6] while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended:[7] he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[8] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but[9]
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

---

[6] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNS.
I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. STEEV.——Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, says—
"I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,
But one to *dance* with."
The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was not worn at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

[7] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARB.

[8] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNS.——Dealt on lieutenancy, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. STEEV.

[9] *But* has here, the force of except, or unless. JOHNS.

By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo, O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,[2]
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:——Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

CÆSAR's *Camp, in Egypt. Enter* CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:[3]
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

---

[2] That is, by the heart-string. JOHNS.

[3] He was schoolmaster to Antony's *children* by Cleopatra. MAL.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be it so ; Declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,[4]
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Euph. Fortune pursue thee !
Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit* EUP.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Despatch ;
[*To* THYREUS.
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;[5]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

---

[4] The *circle*—the diadem ; the ensign of royalty. JOHNS.

[5] i.e. how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOH.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.[6]
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question:[7] 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose

---

[6] Sir. T. Hanmer reads—*Drink and die.* I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar*:

"————all that he can do
Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cesar."

Mr. Tollet observes, that the expression of taking thought, in our old English writers, is equivalent to the being anxious or solicitious, or laying a thing much to heart. So, says he, it is used in our translations of The New Testament, Matthew vi. 25. &c. STEEV.——*Think and die*:—Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

[7] *Mere*—is a boundary, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the disputed boundary. JOHN.

Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should note
Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,[8]
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show[9]
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :[1]—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that's, Cæsar's.

---

[8] I require of Cesar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power. JOHNS.

[9] Exhibited, like gladiators, to the public gaze. HENLEY.

[1] Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. JOHNS.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.[2]
Cleo. Go on : Right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O !
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENO.
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? For he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon :
But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name ?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand :[3] tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

[2] That is, "Cesar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cesar :" That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARB.

[3] The poet certainly wrote :
Say to great Cesar this, In *deputation*
I kiss his conqu'ring hand :
That is, by proxy ; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name. WARB.

My duty on your hand.[4]

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there :—Ay, you kite !—Now gods and devils !
Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cry'd, *ho !*
Like boys unto a muss,[5] kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will ?* Have you no ears ? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !
Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?[6]

---

[4] Grant me the favour. JOHNS. [5] A *muss*, a scramble. POPE.

[6] A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant. One who looks on feeders, is one who throws away her regard on servants, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

" ——that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
The very scraps o'the court." STEEV.

Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't !) the wise gods seel our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this ?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this ?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My play fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd [7] for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?
1 *Att.* He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter : and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him : for he seems
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am ;
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;

[7] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNS.—The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from *Psalm* xxii. 12: "Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side." STEEV.

When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me:[8] Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[9] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![1]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[2] threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours

---

[8] To repay me this insult; to requite me. JOHNS.

[9] *Determines*, that is, dissolves. M. MASON.

[1] Cesarion was son to Cleopatra by Julius Cesar. STEEV.

[2] *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. TYRWHITT.

Were nice[3] and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night :[4] call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :
I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. *and Attend.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear ; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR's *Camp at Alexandria. Enter* CÆSAR, *reading a letter ;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,

---

[3] *Nice*—seems to be, just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice.* JOHNS.

[4] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEV.—*Gawdy*, or Grand Days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. REED.

Laugh at his challenge.[5]
Mec. Cæsar must think,[6]
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction :[7] Never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not ?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?
Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*[8]
Ant. Well said ; come on.—
Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night,

---

[5] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge ? 'tis acknowledged that he should die under the unequal combat ; but if we read—

He hath many other ways to die : mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cesar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that *he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON.——Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. FARMER.

[6] Read :

Cesar *needs* must think. RITSON.

[7] Take advantage of. JOHNS.

[8] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHN.

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou ;—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty ;
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd :[1] for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho ![2]

---

[1] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNS.

[2] That is, stop, or desist. So, in Chaucer, *The Knightes Tale*, v. 1706, edit. 1775 :

"This duk his courser with his sporres smote,
And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a swerd, and cried, *ho!*
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed."

And in *Myrrour of good Manners*, Ambition is compared to

"The sacke insatiable,
The sacke without bottome, which never can say *ho*." M. WHITE.

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour.[3] Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*
4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Music i'the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well,[4]
Does't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

[3] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.
[4] That is, it is a good sign, it bodes well, &c. STEEV.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?
Sold. How now ?
How now ? do you hear this ?
[*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay ; is't not strange ?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how 'twill give off.
Sold. [*several speaking.*] Content : 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, *and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

Enter EROS, *with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on :—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for ?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well ;
We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow ?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.[5]
Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?
Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose[6] shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou : Despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

[5] That is, quickly, sir. JOHNS.
[6] To *doff* is to *do off*, to put off. STEEV.

The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good-morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.
All. Good-morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; Come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANT. EROS, *Officers and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ANTONY's *Camp near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS ; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !
Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land !
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning ?
Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR's *Camp before Alexandria. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.[7]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

---

[7] i.e. shall spring up every where spontaneously & without culture. WAR. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. M. MASON.

And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : The messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true : Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :
[8]If swift thought break it not; a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought ;[9] but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps. Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[1]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

---

[8] This generosity, (says Enobarbus,) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean. JOHNS.
To *blow* means to *puff* or *swell*. STEEV.

[9] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*. MAL

[1] Oppression for opposition. WARB.

With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.[2]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives,[3] your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,[4]
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

[2] Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNS.
[3] To *clip* is to embrace. STEEV.
[4] Mr. Upton has well observed, *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNS.

Through proof of harness[5] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare[6] uncaught ?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown ; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[7] Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :[8]
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's *Camp. Sentinels on their post. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within th is our,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.
2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

---

[5] That is, armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital. STEEV.
[6] That is, the war. So in the 116th *Psalm* : " The *snares of death* compassed me round about." STEEV.
[7] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal* ; to *win a goal*, is to be superior in a contest of activity. JOHNS.
[8] Bear our hack'd targets with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them ! JOHNS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold* Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;[9]
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.
1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.
1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.
2 *Sold.* Go we to him.
3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.
2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sold.* The hand of death has raught him.[1] Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers:[2] Let's bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

---

[9] Than is, discharge, as a *sponge*, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. So, in *Hamlet*: "—it is but *squeezing* you, and, *sponge*, you shall be dry again." STEEV.

[1] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. STEEV.

[2] *Demurely* for solemnly. WARB.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven : Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ;[4] for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together

---

[4] That is, unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be.* WARB.

"*But* (says Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden.*) signifies *without,*" in which sense it is often used in the North. "Boots *but* spurs." Vulg. Again, in Kelly's *Collection of Scot's Proverbs*: "—He could eat me *but* salt." Again : "He gave me whitings *but* bones." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan.* STEEV.

Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore![5] 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenig'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone. [*Ex.* SCAR.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Eygpt! this grave charm,[6]—
Whose eyebeck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[7]
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.[8]—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

---

[5] Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former scene:

"I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you are a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey."

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey the Great; but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey. MAL.

[6] I believe grave charm means deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet grave is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEV.

[7] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[8] To the utmost loss possible. JOHNS.

With her prepared nails.[1] [*Exit* CLEOPATRA.] 'Tis
well thou'rt gone ;
If it be well to live : But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage ;
Let me lodge, Lichas, on the horns o'the moon ;[2]
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot : she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield ;[3] the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[4]
Char. To the monument ;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument :—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

[1] i.e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARB.
[2] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says, Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARB.
[3] That is, than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of Thessaly was the boar killed by Meleager. STEEV.
[4] *Emboss'd*—a hunting term : when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*. HANMER.

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.[5]

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns;[6] and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us

Enter MARDIAN.

Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit* MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

[5] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. T. WARTON.

[6] i.e. the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEV.

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.[8]
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me : Do't ; the time is come :
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,[9] bending down
His corrigible neck,[1] his face subdu'd

[8] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing completes the contract ; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. WARB.
I believe the reading is : *Seel* then, and all is done.—
To *seel hawks* is to close their eyes. JOHNS.
[9] *Pleach'd arms*—arms folded in each other. JOHNS.
[1] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, as afterwards penetrative for penetrating. STE-

To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued ?[2]
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor ! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then :—[*Falls on his sword.*]
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself !
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record : But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How ! not yet dead ? not dead ?—
The guard !—ho !—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise ?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

[2] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNS.

All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I,
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANT.

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument. Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not :
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world ![3]—O Antony !
Antony, Antony !—Charmian, help ; help, Iras ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace :
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here impórtune death a while,[4] until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken :[5] not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

[3] According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space ; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

[4] I *solicit* death to delay ; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNS.

[5] Mr. Theobald amends this passage by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down.* His insertion seems misplaced, and should be placed at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read :

I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *come down.* RITSON.

Be brooch'd with me ;[6] if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,[7] shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed ![8]—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools :—O, come, come, come ;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewise Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;

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[6] Brooch'd in the text, means adorn'd, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. A brooch is always an ornament ; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A broach is a spit : the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton broach. RITSON.

[7] Sedate determination ; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNS.

[8] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earnest.* JOHNS.

I can no more. [*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen;[7] young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more but e'en a woman;[8] and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[9]—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—
[*To the Guards below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY's *body.*

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[7] He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNS.

[8] I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman on the level with other women; were I what I once was,
——It were for me
To throw my scepter, &c. JOHNS.

[9] That is, task work. Hence our term *chare-woman.* STEEV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR's *Camp before Alexandria. Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,[1]
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament

[1] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this : "The round world should have shook, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens." There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNS.

Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.[2]
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?
Mes. A poor Egyptian yet.[3] The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Mes. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,

[2] Read *weigh* with the second folio, where it is misspelt *way*. RITSON.
[3] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is yet a servant to the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOH.

And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* PROC.
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.
Agr. Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[4]

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please

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[4] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.——The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[5] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[*Here* PROCULEIUS, *and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.
[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the Guard.* *Exit* GALLUS.
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?[6]
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars.
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir:

[5] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOH. [6] For *languish*, I think we may read *anguish*. JOH.

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To* CLEO.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exe.* PROCUL. *and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.[8]

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

[8] The little orb or circle. THEO.

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.[9]

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [CLEO. *kneels.*

Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:——
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

[9] *Plates* mean, I believe, silver money. STEEV.

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!

O rarely base![1]

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*To* SEL.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.[2]

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons,[3] no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [*Exe.* CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

---

[1] Base in an uncommon degree. STEEV.

[2] 'We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do, and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied.' *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNS.

[3] Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free. JOH.

And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.
Cleo. Dolabella ?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOL.]—Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid !
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers[4]
Ballad us out o'tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness[5]
I'the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods !
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that is the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

[4] *Scald*—a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOH.
[5] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? [*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : But I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday ; a very honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : How she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm ; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do : But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

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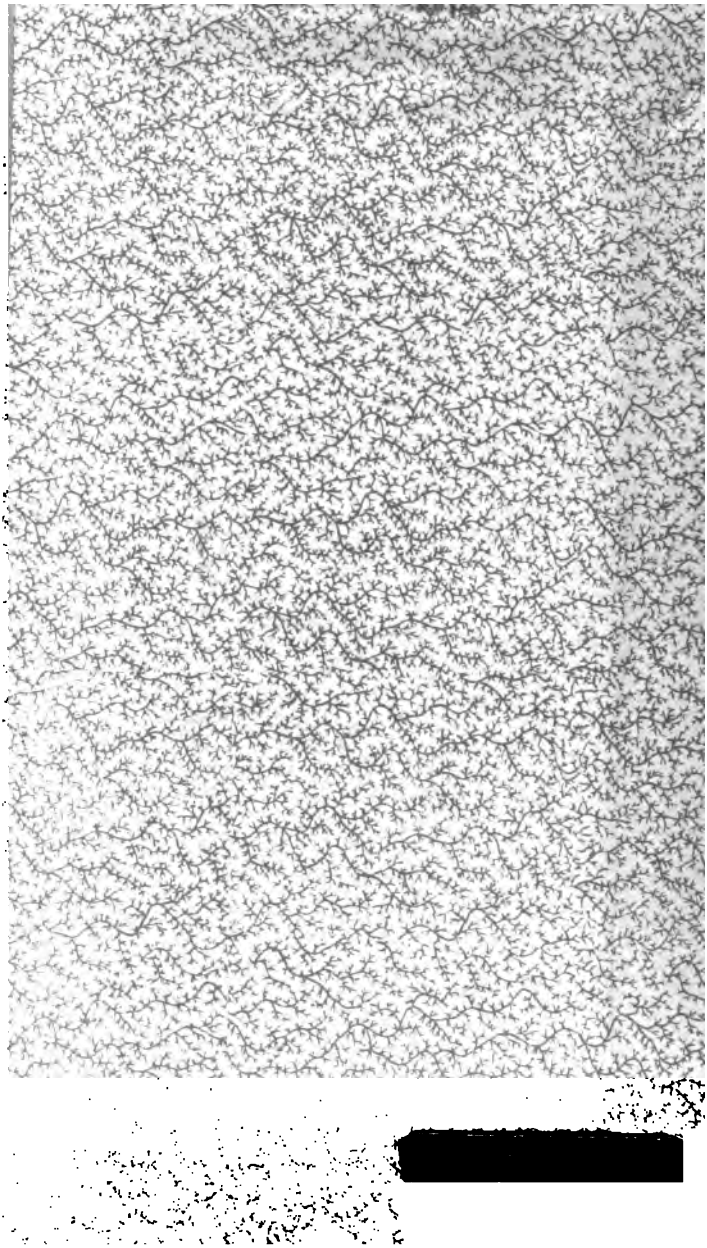
[6] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent* ; we have the blind-worm and slow-worm still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the sea-worm. JOHNS.

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's train; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. VI.

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